

Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

VRANGEL.....ALASKA.

Well, well! So it seems Romulus didn't found Rome, after all!

Emperor William is going to have a newspaper to voice his views. It'll be a busy sheet.

A Missouri man has been arrested for stealing a tombstone. Perhaps he thought it might burn if it were soaked in oil.

Mrs. Russell Sage has bought a parrot to amuse her husband. The bird probably knows how to say money with great fluency.

A good after-dinner speaker is a man who cares not who makes the laws as long as he can have fun with the lawmakers.

King Edward should obey his physicians and eat less. A king is a man who, above all others, has no right to do as he pleases.

Kipling has given his opinion of his wife's relations. The wife's relations doubtless hold strong and virile views relative to Rudyard.

Abram S. Hewitt left an estate amounting to more than \$7,000,000, thus proving that wealth is not incompatible with work.

Some people wear themselves out building up their muscles; and then, thank heaven, they are too tired to show us how strong they are!

A rich man went crazy the other day and started to eat up his money. Pity the sorrows of the man who has it and knows he can't take it with him.

The manipulator of a whisk broom in a New York restaurant left an estate of \$45,000. What a joke the tipping system is on those who give the tips.

The people of the United States last year smoked 6,900,000,000 cigars, including those which Aunt Carrie Nation snatched from the mouths of smokers.

The Salvation Army proposes to start a "movement" for the purpose of saving rich men. Can it be possible that the army thinks it has finished with the poor?

A musician has deserted his wife for his piano because he feels that he "was created for better things." Probably his wife protested against his practicing eight hours out of every twenty-four.

President Roosevelt, writing to the parents of Ohio quadruplets, says: "I thoroughly believe in large families." If the President lived in one of the fashionable districts of some of our cities and towns he would be ostracized.

A girl who got married a few days ago to a young man who told her he was an English lord has found out that he is an impostor and wants a divorce. What a splendid exhibition of poetic justice it would be if there were some way in which she could be compelled to go living with him for the rest of her life.

When Rev. Mrs. Annie Ford Eastman says there are too many mountebanks in the pulpit and that superannuated pastors ought to be taken out and shot, she unconsciously substantiates her own statement by giving us an opportunity to suspect that we could point to at least one mountebank.

"Teach the little girls lullabies; they'll need them in the future," is the advice which a man who believes in the educational value of music gave to a company of school teachers in New York not long ago. He also said that the teacher who scolds and wrangles has to fight to keep order, as her voice makes disorder.

In our efforts toward the prevention of crime we have to a large extent gone at the business at the wrong end and it is exceedingly gratifying to see some attention paid to the work of caring for children neglected and exposed to criminal influences and an intelligent effort made to guard them from becoming criminals, and not only in this way reducing the criminal population and the development of crime, thus adding to the honest and useful population, to the amount of honest and useful effort and the greater safety of society.

"I have had a singularly happy life," wrote Jessie Benton Fremont not long before her death; "happy in the loving friendship of my father, of my husband, of my sons, and now of my grandsons. Other things are clouds only, but behind them shines steady and splendid the lasting thing—home love." The woman who as a child used to sit on Andrew Jackson's knee, and was petted by Dolly Madison and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton; who, in her school days acted as bridesmaid at the marriage of the Russian minister, with Mr. Buchanan as her escort; who, as the daughter of a famous Senator and the bride of the brilliant "Pathfinder," was adored by the whole nation was never led by mere honors to forget the secret of a happy life.

The organization of the "Pewee Club" by senior students in Yale Uni-

versity, while unique as a social organization, will have an anthropological interest much greater than any interest of fellowship that may attach to it. While the organization will naturally attract public attention to the achievements of little men in war, in science, in literature and in the industrial arts, it is not the primary purpose of the club to accentuate the ascendancy of little men in history, but rather to institute scientific research into the biological "whys and wherefores" of the undersized man. That Nature has shown no partiality to the man of large stature in the matter of mental endowment there is abundant proof in the history of the human race. Indeed, Nature appears to have taken pains in many instances to compensate little men for their diminutive stature with exceptional brain power and capacity. The annals of human achievement show that bigness of body does not always imply bigness of brain. Even in those departments of endeavor that call for physical prowess and courage, notably in discovery and in military achievement, the race has not always been to the men of large stature. The greatest military commander in history—Napoleon—was a little man. In literature, oratory, invention and art, the little men certainly vastly outnumber the big men who have attained distinction in these departments of activity. But these are matters of such common knowledge that no one undertakes to challenge them. It is in the departments of physical and historic study of man as an animal that the young men of Yale have a most inviting field for research in their efforts to trace natural causes for the very marked variation in his stature.

One agency of transportation which does not appear in the columns of statistics at its full value is the snow. For a considerable portion of each year, in the central and northern parts of this country, and particularly in the Mississippi valley and the regions east, the earth's covering of snow solves "the good roads problem." Sleights themselves make a Roman highway wherever they travel. The friction of their runners on the glassy surface is so slight that the heaviest loads, once started, can be easily drawn. The difference in the matters of speed and the exertion required between skating and walking is a familiar fact. This use of the snow, wherever it regularly covers the ground, is of large value. Lumbermen wait for snow before getting out their logs, because sleds can be used to advantage at places in the forests where no wagon could go. Farmers save their heavy winter hauling for the sleighing. In some places a chain of lakes, when the frost seals their surfaces, will afford an avenue of transportation of surpassing attractiveness. Over still water the northern winter is a universal bridge builder, cutting off miles in many a journey. It is notable that although the horse and the ox are adjusted to wheel or runner, according to circumstances, certain modern methods of land transportation require the wheel. The locomotive, the automobile, the electric car and the bicycle do not know what "hard sledding" is. Their hardest wheeling comes when nature is laying down the material for some good sledding. In the old "horse car" days it was not unknown for the lines in the smaller inland cities to attach their wheels to great double-runner sleighs, for the conveyance of passengers, during the season, rather than attempt to keep their tracks open. Electricity has put an end to this practice. And yet what monarch of the modern world would not exchange the most sumptuous of palace cars for the much pictured sledge of Peter the Great, were he to consider only enjoyment in an exhilarating winter ride?

WOMAN OF FORTY IS A POWER.

At That Mature Age She should Be the Happiest of Human Beings.

The object in a woman's career should be to be beautiful till she is 40; after that she should become a power, is the way a Frenchman sees the question. Another Frenchman said that after 40 a woman should either take the veil or be abolished. Miss Achurch, an actress, lecturing on the subject, inclined to the former view. She said: "The woman who has passed the confines of youth has come to be regarded as of much greater importance than she was twenty years ago. This change can be seen in words and in life. From the period of Fielding to that of Thackeray the girl of 17 was always the center of attraction and she always disappeared after her wedding day. After Thackeray came the long inning of the woman of 30."

The woman of 40 ought to be the happiest of women. She has peculiar privileges possessed by no other woman. She is not troubled like her younger sisters at the crossing of the borderland of youth, for she is already on the other side. Her future is more clearly defined, for at 40 has she not chosen and settled down in her career? A professional woman is at her best at 40. She can act better, paint better, write better, not only because her powers are more matured, but also because she will not be interrupted by love affairs. The age of 40 should be looked forward to as an inheritance rather than be dreaded by every woman.

Looking for It Cheap. Dentist—"Now, do you want to take gas?" Countryman—"Wal, I guess as how gasoline would be cheaper."

When a man gets into trouble, how all the men rejoice! This is civilization; the savages used to help each other in time of need.



"I see the new magazine is out?" "Yes; and thank heaven, they've got my poem right next to advertising matter."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Dis is certainly fine, bracin' weather," remarked Weary Rattles to Tired Tatters. "Yes," replied Tatters; "I braced six men for a dime dis mornin' an' on'y got one refusal."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A man with an unusually large mouth has the habit of opening it on some occasions very wide. His dentist the other day administered a mild rebuke: "Not so wide, please; I prefer to stand outside and work."

Summed Up: The Widow—I want a man to do odd jobs about the house, run on errands, one that never answers back, and is always ready to do my bidding. Applicant—You're looking for husband, ma'am.—New York Life.

A Natural Question: "Have you any two-cent stamps?" Inquired the victim, after paying his bill at the Bong Tong Hotel. "I think so," replied the clerk; "how many do you want?" "How much are they apiece?"—Philadelphia Press.

"These Americanos," cries the frightened Tagal, "are cannibals." "Whatever gave you such an idea?" asks the Moro. "I just heard of those soldiers ask that pretty school teacher to come and eat a Filipino with him."—What-to-Eat.

"Are they fond of their New York home?" "Oh, awfully fond. They spend their winters in Florida, their springs in Lakewood, their summers at Newport, and their autumns at Lenox, but they are simply devoted to their New York home."—Exchange.

Convinced: "Do you read Dickens?" "No," said Mrs. Cumrox, rather loftily. "Perhaps you are one of those who do not regard him as representing the best literature?" "I am. I have seen his books offered for sale as cheap as 25 cents a copy."—Washington Star.

Very Unromantic: "They had one of the strangest marriages recorded for a long time." "In what respect?" "In every respect. Why, both parents on both sides were present, there was nothing sudden or secret about it, and their own clergyman performed the ceremony."—Judge.

The Lesser Evil: "Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I hope you will never conceal it from me when you bet on a horse race." "Won't you be angry if I lose?" "Not as angry as I would be if you were to win and not let me know about it."—Washington Evening Star.

Mrs. Bizzy—I am so sorry to hear that your wife has been throwing the crockery at you again, Casey. Where did she hit you? Casey—Faith, ma'am! That's what I do be after complainin' in 'av. 'Twas a whole set of av dishes broke to pieces, an' she nivr hit me wast.—Brooklyn Life.

"You have just as much right and, theoretically, just as good a chance as anybody else to be President," says the patriotic citizen to his neighbor. "I cannot agree with you," sighs the neighbor; "we have no children, and that fact alone would lose me the photographer's vote."—Judge.

Miss Mainchantz—I suppose you've heard of my engagement to Mr. Jenks. Miss Ascott—Yes, and I confess I was surprised. You told me once that you wouldn't marry him for a million dollars, but I discovered later that he had two millions.—Philadelphia Press.

Wished to be Prepared: "I'm hungry, sir," said the beggar; "won't you give me enough to get a meal?" "Here, my good man," said Mr. Pompus, "here's a penny for you." "Oh, thank you, sir. By the way, have you got a peppermint tablet about you? I always get dyspepsia when I overeat myself."—Tit-Bits.

Showed What She Could Do: Phoxy—I got a good square meal last night, the first in several weeks, and I have you to thank for it. Friend—Me to thank? Well, that's news to me. Phoxy—Yes, I know. I telephoned to my wife yesterday that you were coming out to dinner with me.—Philadelphia Press.

Selected Names: First Matinee Girl—That woman looks like an actress. Do you know what her name is? Second Matinee Girl—She was a Miss Ethel Johnson before she married George Billings, whose stage name is Alfred de Vere, but she is known professionally as Euphonia Frothingham.—Brooklyn Life.

Feminine Progression: "First she wondered if any man was really worthy of her." "Yes." "Then she wondered which man was the most worthy of her." "Yes." "Then she wondered which of several worthy men she had refused would come back to her." "Yes." "And then she began to wonder what man she could get."—Tit-Bits.

He was wandering in Ireland, and came upon a couple of men "in holts" rolling on the road. The man on top was pommeling the other within an inch of his life. The traveler intervened. "It's an infernal shame to strike a man when he's down," said he. "If you knew all the trouble I had to get him down," was the reply, "you wouldn't be talking like that."—Sporting Times.

OLD FAVORITES

Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind. Blow, blow, thou winter wind; Thou art not so unkind As man's ingratitude; Thy tooth is not so keen, Because thou art not seen, Although thy breath be rude. Heigh ho! Sing heigh ho! unto the green holly: Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly. Then heigh ho, the holly! This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky, That does not bite so nigh As benefits forgot; Though thou the waters warp, Thy sting is not so sharp As friends remembered not. Heigh ho! Sing heigh ho! unto the green holly: Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly. Then heigh ho, the holly! This life is most jolly. —William Shakespeare.

Little Things. Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean And the beautiful land. And the little moments, Humble though they be, Make the mighty ages Of eternity. Little deeds of kindness, Little words of love, Make our earth an Eden Like the heaven above. So our little errors Lead the soul astray, From the path of virtue Into sin to stray.

Little seeds of mercy, Sown by useful hands, Grow to bless the nations Far in heathen lands.

Meet Me by Moonlight Alone. Meet me by moonlight alone, And then I will tell you a tale Must be told by the moonlight alone, In the grove at the end of the vale. You must promise to come, for I said I would show the night flowers to you.

Nay, turn not away thy sweet head, 'Tis the loveliest ever seen. Oh! meet me by moonlight alone, Meet me by moonlight alone.

Daylight may do for the gay, The thoughtless, the heartless, the free, But there's something about the moon's rays.

That is sweeter to you and to me, Oh! remember, be sure to be there. For though dearly a moonlight I prize, I care not for all in the air, If I want the sweet light in your eyes. So meet me by moonlight alone, Meet me by moonlight alone.

A WOMAN AND HER MONEY.

Incidents of Attempt to Pay Five Cents Car Fare with a \$5 Bill.

A woman boarded an uptown Third avenue surface car the other day, tendered the conductor a five-dollar bill and received in change four silver dollars and a handful of small change. She looked at the silver, then cast a reproachful glance at the conductor, who was making his way toward the door.

After handling the money for some time longer, and giving expression to her views on the inconvenience of silver, she turned around to the passenger sitting next to her—a well-dressed man, reading a newspaper—and said: "Would you mind kindly giving me bills for these silver dollars?"

"Not at all, madam," replied the man, taking a roll of bills from his pocket and handing her four single dollar bills, which she folded up and put away in her pocketbook. She was still jingling the small change in her hand, and the conductor passed she asked:

"Conductor, will you let me have a dollar bill for this change?" "Certainly," said the conductor, taking a bill from his pocket and handing it to her, in return for which she handed him the ninety-five cents.

"Beg pardon, but there's only ninety-five cents here," he said, as he counted over the change.

"Yes, you know I gave you five cents before," was her rejoinder. "That's all right, but I need five cents more to make up the dollar," insisted the conductor.

"Don't you see," persisted the woman, "the ninety-five cents and the five I gave you before make one dollar?" "That nickel you gave me was for your fare, madam," said the conductor. "Yes, and that with what I've given you now make up the dollar," insisted the woman.

Emptying the change in her lap and picking up his dollar, the conductor went forward to collect other fares. Turning to the obliging passenger next to her again, she said:

"I don't like to trouble you too much, but could you give me one dollar for this change?"

"With pleasure, madam," he said, as he lay down his paper and took out his roll of bills for the second time.

He was well aware of the fact that he was a nickel short, as were the other passengers, who had been watching the proceedings with a good deal of interest and amusement. After the bill had been neatly folded up and put away in the woman's pocketbook and he had resumed reading his paper, it looked for a few moments as if the incident had come to a close; but such was not the case. Suddenly turning

round to the man again, the woman broke out with:

"Oh, I owe you five cents." "That's all right, madam," replied the man, looking up from his paper. "No, but I must pay you." "It'll do some other time," he said, evidently tired of going through the process of making change.

"Oh, no, I'll pay you now," she insisted, taking out her pocketbook and looking all through it for a nickel. "I haven't five cents in change, but if you give me the ninety-five cents I'll give you the dollar."

At that moment the man noticed that the car had stopped at his corner and he made a rush for the door, his brain in a whirl and trying to make out whether it was he or the woman that was crazy, or whether the conductor, or all three, were prospective patients for a lunatic asylum.—New York Sun.

HONEST AND TRUE MONEY.

Uncle Sam Deals Out Thousands of Dollars in New York City. Beneath stout bars guarding a wide arched window in the United States assay office, in Wall street, New York, thousands of dollars' worth of little gold bricks, the honest and true kind, pass every day from Uncle Sam's coffers to the hands of jewelers and bankers. And all that Uncle Sam charges for the exchange is 5 cents on \$100 for the small ones.

The bars Uncle Sam dispenses are of two general sizes, the \$5,000 size for bankers and the \$150 size for jewelers, the small size being about an inch and a quarter long, three-quarters wide, and perhaps half an inch or less in thickness. Very often they run up to \$200 or even more in value. Their size adapts them to the size of the jeweler's crucible. As for the banker, he does not melt his gold; he contents himself with shipping it back and forth across the ocean. A remarkable feature of the exchange of legal tender for gold bars is that one cannot always get just the amount he wishes. If a jeweler or banker wishes \$10,000 in gold bullion Uncle Sam gives him as near that amount as he possibly can. It may be \$9,970.50 or \$10,000.30, because the bars vary in size and weight, and practically all of them have odd cents in their value. Two bars the cashier handed out one day recently were stamped \$531.70 and \$123.10.

In buying gold bars the purchaser first tells the cashier at the assay office how much he wishes. The cashier comes as near this amount as he can with the bars on hand, and then the purchaser goes next door to the sub-treasurer, where he deposits his legal tender, gold certificates, greenbacks or gold coin for the amount designated by the assay office cashier as the nearest to the desired amount, receiving therefor a certificate which, upon presentation at the assay office, insures the delivery of the bars. But before they may be taken away the recipient must sign for them in the register, which lies open beneath the bars of the wide arched window.

GOING THE ENTIRE LIMIT.

Massachusetts Banker Gives Champion Sample of Yankee Thrift.

The proverbial Yankee thrift shows up big in a story now going the rounds, reminiscent of a Western Massachusetts banker who died during the past year. He believed in the maxim, "A penny saved is a penny earned," with a vengeance. His clerks were denied the luxury of pads of paper and were required to figure on the backs of old envelopes that had been carefully prepared by the office boy in his leisure moments. The banker had a son-in-law who built wisely by inviting his father-in-law to spend a few weeks with him at the seashore. The closest-fisted banker decided to unloosen to the extent of having the daily newspapers sent to him after the quotations had been inspected. He left explicit instructions that the advertising pages were to be cut out and the edges trimmed so as to save postage.

The papers, which were sent every other day, were too heavy for the 1-cent limit, though considerably inside the weight allowable for 2 cents. It was a matter of facetious comment in the bank that the "old man" was not getting full value for his 2-cent expenditure for postage. The margin in favor of Uncle Sam, however, diminished appreciably after the third installment of literature had been forwarded, the cashier receiving a postal card that bore the following request:

"Mail papers in single wrapper every four days, and they will require but 3 cents postage."—New York Commercial.

The Discomfited Con Man.

Con Man—Why, how do you do, Cousin Henry? It's been years and years since I saw you—

Silas Cornshredder—Must 'a' ben. I never seen you afore in m' life.

Con Man—Impossible! I couldn't be mistaken. Then your name is—

Silas Cornshredder—Ya's. Somethin' like that, I s'pose.

Con Man (scenting defeat)—Well, honestly, now, don't I look familiar to you?

Silas Cornshredder—Look familiar? Great han'spike! Look familiar! Ye don't only look it. Ye talk it, ye act it; an', t' tell 't' truth, yew actually are familiar—most dern familiar. Good day.—Baltimore American.

To Save Time. "I'm looking for my slippers, dear. Is there any place where you're sure you didn't put them?"

She—What do you mean?

He—I want to look there for them first.—Philadelphia Press.

Said of nearly every cook in town: "My, but she makes the butter fly!"

OWLS THAT LIVE IN THE GROUND.



BIRDS make all kinds of curious nests; still, surprising as some of them are, they are generally alike in one thing, and that is that they are suspended in the air in some manner. But Florida has a bird that digs its nest deep in the ground. It is the little Florida burrowing owl, called by the neat and dainty name of "Speotyto cunicularia floridana" by scientists, who love to find names like that for the beasts and birds and fishes of the country.

The burrowing owl does not live underground because it is too stupid to build a nest above ground. It is a very wise little bird—much wiser than most of its feathered relatives—and its knowing appearance is fully borne out by its brain. The owl burrows because it prefers to live that way. The birds dwell together in large colonies. Thus their homes form real bird cities. They prefer an open prairie land for the site of the settlement. Having selected the location, they pitch in suddenly some night, and by the time dawn comes the town is open for business, each house furnished and all the inhabitants snoring comfortably from four to eight feet underground.

Like the prairie owls in the West, that also live in burrows, the Florida owls are as quick as a wink in diving into the holes of their gloomy homes on the first sign of danger.

THE OVERWORKED ENGINEER.

rest. With work to do, however, extra pay to earn, and urgent necessity commanding that the work be done, the men assert that they do not feel at liberty to take for sleep the time which the companies think should be spent in moving freight. Some assert that discharges, on one pretext or another, have followed refusals to do extra work.

Passenger engineers are comparatively free from calls for this extra and dangerous work. Their runs are scheduled. Unless the unusual happens they know to a certainty when their work begins and when it ends. It is the man on the "chain gang," the man who comes in from one trip to find another waiting him, who finds his day's work including the greater part of the twenty-four hours.

Recent developments in the railroad



MAN AT THE THROTTLE ALWAYS UNDER A TERRIBLE STRAIN.

day in the week, but for the man who controls the locomotive and for the man who keeps up its fires there is no rest. Long hours of nerve-wearing work are theirs—hours which sometimes add up to eighteen, twenty and even more of continuous labor. From the man on the "chain gang" to the man who has a "banker's run," there is hardly one in the business whose average day's work is not of the kind which in the end wears down the endurance. Add to this average day's work an extra run and the results are apt to become serious. To the overworking of engineers and firemen is laid the responsibility of many railroad disasters. A man has been in the cab for twenty hours. His eyes almost refuse to see. He feels, as one engineer expressed it, "like putting toothpicks under the lids to keep them open." He runs past a signal his sleepy eyes did not catch, and a wreck results.

Railroad managers affirm that no engineer or fireman is sent out on the road without requisite sleep. They declare that it is against the wish of the company when a man assumes the responsibility for a train unless he is fitted for it, as a man without rest could not be. The rules of the brotherhood make it obligatory for the companies to allow their men time for

a freeman relates that his engineer frequently has gone to sleep on his seat from exhaustion while the train was running at thirty miles an hour, and that he has awakened him in time to make the stops at stations. He says that he has left his engineer sleeping in a station while he ran the train back for water for which the man had forgotten to stop.

A railroad man says: "After a man has been under the strain for thirty hours his eyes may remain open, but he doesn't realize what he is doing, and it is not at all strange that men sometimes make mistakes under those circumstances. They may lay the wrecks to fogs and bad weather and a dozen other causes, but I am convinced that two-thirds of the wrecks which occur are caused by men who from want of sleep are unfit to work."

A museum curiosity is a man who can talk faster than his wife.

Scrofula

It is commonly inherited. Few are entirely free from it. Pale, weak, puny children are afflicted with it in nine cases out of ten, and many adults suffer from it. Common indications are bunches in the neck, abscesses, cutaneous eruptions, inflamed eyelids, sore ears, rickets, catarrh, wasting, and general debility.

Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Eradicate it, positively and absolutely. This statement is based on the thousands of permanent cures these medicines have wrought.

"My daughter had scrofula, with eleven sores on her neck and about her ears. Hood's Sarsaparilla was highly recommended and she took it and was cured. She is now in good health." Mrs. J. H. Jones, Parker City, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

Ecclesiastical.

Church—Do you think he is a well proportioned man?
Gotham—No; his lungs are away out of proportion to his brains.—Yonkers Statesman.

Advantages of Saving.

A boy beginning at 16 and saving \$5 a month will have \$328 when he is 21, even if his savings bank pays only 3 per cent interest. Not only that, but he will have acquired the habit of saving, which will help him all his life.

Tough Leather.

A sign on an East Side shop window reads:
"Fried Shoes." The merchants name is Fried, but he forgot to put a comma after it.—New York Times.

Social Qualifications.

"What gives them such a standing in society?"
"Two divorces, two automobile killings and two millions."—New York Times.

A Practical View.

"Now marriage isn't a lottery, after all, is it?"
"Well, I don't see how we are going to get rid of some of these clocks unless we have a raffle."—Judge.

A Mean Defense.

Magistrate—"It's very disgraceful that you should beat your wife."
Prisoner—"Well, yer honor, she aggravated me by keepin' on sayin' she'd have me hup afore that taid'ed hold 'umbig, meanin' yer honor."

A Comparison.

"How'd ye like the lecturer at the town hall last night, Si?"
"Great! He was a Boston feller, an' I swan, I never laughed so hard in my life. He knew more long words than a negro minstrel."

Human Nature.

Jagloes—I never saw any one work so hard at anything. Is that his regular business?
Wargies—No, man; that's his hobby.—New York Times.

RHEUMATISM CANNOT BE RUBBED OUT



But a good liniment or plaster will often give temporary relief because it produces counter irritation or reduces the inflammation and soreness. But no sort of external treatment can have any effect whatever upon the disease itself, for **Rheumatism is not a skin disease**, but is due to an overacid condition of the blood, and the deposit of irritating matter or Uric Acid salts or sediment in the muscles and joints, and no amount of rubbing or blistering can dislodge these gritty particles or change the acid blood. Rheumatism often becomes chronic, and the muscles and joints permanently stiff and useless and the nervous system almost wrecked, because so much time is lost in trying to cure a blood disease with outside applications or doctoring the skin.

Rheumatism must be treated through the blood, and no remedy brings such prompt and lasting relief as S. S. S. It attacks the disease in the blood, neutralizes the acids, and removes all irritating or poisonous substances from the system. S. S. S. strengthens and enriches the thin acid blood, and as it circulates through the body, the corroding, gnawing poisons and acid deposits are dislodged and washed out of the muscles and joints, and the sufferer is happily relieved from the discomforts and misery of Rheumatism.

External remedies are all right so far as they go, but they don't go far enough, and you can't depend upon them to do the work of a blood purifier, and those who pin their faith to liniments and plasters are bound to meet with disappointment, and will be nursing a case of Rheumatism the greater part of their lives.

S. S. S. is a purely vegetable remedy, does not contain any Potash or mineral of any kind, and can be taken with safety by old and young.

Rheumatic sufferers who write us about their case will receive valuable aid and helpful advice from our physicians, for which no charge is made. We will mail free our special book on Rheumatism, which is the result of years of practical experience in treating this disease. It contains in a condensed form much information about Rheumatism.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

PRUSSIAN CURE Your HORSE OF HEAVES
COUGH, Distemper or Pink Eye with PRUSSIAN HEAVES POWDERS. They ARE A GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER AND CONDITIONER, a sure cure for all ailments from which heaves arise.
CURED 34 HORSES.
I have been using Prussian Heave Powders the past eight months and in that time have cured 11 horses of Heaves 14 of Distemper and 9 of Throat Cough. The Prussian Remedies have gained a great reputation in this section.
BENEFIT BENEFIT, Newark, New York
Prussian Remedy Co., St. Paul, Minn.
No. 64, at Dealers. Mail, 6c. Free 64-page Hand Book.

PORTLAND SEED CO., Portland, Oregon, Coast Agents.

She Was Surprised.

Mrs. Neighbors—What's that awful racket in the next room?
Mrs. Rounder—Oh, that's only my husband dressing to go down town.
Mrs. Neighbors—Indeed! I've heard folks say he was a loud dresser, but I had no idea it was anything like that.

No One Made a Motion.

"Kin any one make a motion?" asked one of the audience. "Gents," said Alkali Bill, chairman of the meeting, as he laid his revolver on the table. "Owin' to the general custom of wearin' weapons in these parts, I trust no one will make a motion."

Premontory Symptoms.

A promising young Sunday school pupil, who had learned about Eve's being formed from the rib of Adam, came home one day greatly distressed.
"Oh, mamma, I have such a pain! I think it must be that I'm going to have a little wife!"—Little Chronicle.

Sure Thing.

Kind Father—My dear, if you want a good husband, marry Mr. Goodheart. He really and truly loves you.
Daughter—Are you sure of that, pa?
Kind Father—Yes, indeed, I've been borrowing money from him for six months, and still he keeps coming.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's

Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Urged Him On.

Miss Gotox—"The idea of your proposing to me! Why, I never gave you any encouragement!"
Mr. Poorman—"You forget that you once informed me that you had half a million in your own right."—Chicago News.

Awkward.

Son of the House—Won't you sing something, Miss Muriel?
Miss Muriel—Oh I, daren't, after such good music as we have been listening to.
Son of the House—I'd rather listen to your singing than any amount of good music.—London Punch.

Only When Ordered.

Scientific and Nervous Visitor (at country hotel)—I suppose there's no ptomaine in this pie?
Waiter (quite equal to the occasion)—No sir. We never put that in unless specially ordered.—Punch.

Thought Better of Herself.

"When Jack proposed, I suppose you asked him if you were the only girl he ever loved?" asked Polly.
"I should say not! I inquired if the other girls didn't represent steps in his progression to his present ideal," said Dolly.—Baltimore Herald.

A Cheese Dish.

A cheese dish which may serve as the piece de resistance of the luncheon is made by buttering thin slices of bread, arranging them in layers in a baking dish, with grated cheese over each layer, and pouring over all a custard made of two beaten eggs, two cupfuls of milk and salt and pepper. Bake for thirty minutes.

Just Dividends.

Probably it isn't true that Pierpont Morgan wants the earth. It may be that he only craves the fullness thereof.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

LOST AMONG SAVAGES.

Man Passes Seventeen Years Among Australian Natives.

In 1846 the bark Peruvian was wrecked off the coast of Queensland. The story of the one survivor, James Murrell, as told in Marcus Clarke's "Australia of the Past," is as strange as the adventures of "Robinson Crusoe." For seventeen years Murrell lived among the savages, and all but forgot his own language, his name and the memory of his native land.

At last one day a vessel came to the shore while Murrell was absent, and the sailors gave shirts to the natives. Murrell told the natives that if ever another ship came and he was not on the spot, they should find him. Another ship did come, and the savages, remembering the wishes of their companion, tried to attract the crew. But the Englishmen, not understanding their wild shouts, fired at them and drove them away. Murrell despaired of ever seeing home again.

Not long after, a white man with two horses came upon some natives lamenting the death of an old man. Possibly he mistook the ceremonies for signs of hostility. At any rate, he shot the old man's son, and for this was murdered by the tribe, who became so suspicious of whites that Murrell had less chance than before of coming face to face with his countrymen.

He told the natives that the white men fired at them because they did not understand the language, and said that next time he would go himself and explain. They consented, and Murrell went exploring with a native, until he came to a white man's hut, many miles down the coast.

Getting clear of the shrub, the exile saw the smoke of a chimney and sheep feeding on the grass. The sight of these strange animals frightened the native, and he ran back alone.

Murrell went into a water-hole, where he washed himself as white as he could, and then, standing on the fence, where the dogs could not bite him, he hailed the hut. There were two men living there. One came out and cried, "Bill, there's a yellow man standing on the rails, naked. He's not black. Bring the gun."

Murrell cried, "Don't shoot! I am a British object,"—for he had so far forgotten his language that he confused "object" and "subject,"—"a shipwrecked sailor."

The two men received him kindly, and heard his story. They asked him if he knew what date it was. He did not.

"The twenty-fifth of January, 1863. You have been lost seventeen years." He tried to eat bread, but it choked him, and he had lost his relish for sugar and tea.

His white rescuers took him to the newly made town of Bowen, where a subscription was raised for him. Later he was baptized, married, and appointed to a small place as keeper of bonded stores in the government house.

CHEF GETS A BIG SALARY.

King Edward's Cook Receives Stipend Equal to that of Bank President.

The chef who prepares the food for the table of King Edward of England receives as large a salary as does an admiral of a fleet or a lieutenant general of the army. Every year he draws from the royal exchequer the handsome sum of \$10,000. The man who at present occupies the post is a native of southern France and his name is Menager. His age is about 40 and he is considered, at least by King Edward, the most capable chef in the world.

So great a culinary artist is not expected to produce three masterpieces in one day, so he has nothing to do with the king's breakfast. He arrives at Buckingham palace from his private residence near by in a hansom at about 11 o'clock.

In a large, sunny kitchen, overlooking the lawn, he receives the luncheon carte, drawn up by Lord Farquhar, and his work begins. First of all he orders what will be required and the master of the kitchen sees that all the articles come in, checks each item and then sends the account to Sir Nigel Kingscote, the paymaster, who writes out a check in payment.

After luncheon is served Mr. Menager retires once more, to reappear at 6 o'clock, when the great event of the day—the preparation for dinner—commences. That over, the artist is free for the evening. It is worth noting that he owes his enviable post solely to hard work and genius, for the cook, like the poet, is born, not made. An additional interest attaches to this culinary autocrat because of the encouragement he gives to women cooks.

It has always been said that women cannot attain to great heights as cooks and creators of dishes, and that just as they fail to excel in music, poetry and painting they fail also in the higher mysteries of cooking. It is very interesting to learn on the testimony of the king's cook that this is no longer true, however true it may have been formerly.

Also Her Prices.

Patti's voice at 50 may not be all it is to be, but if she comes over here it will be found, no doubt, that her diamonds retain all their pristine splendor.—Boston Globe.

Useful Dog Ambulance.

A dog ambulance is likely to be established shortly in connection with the British military service.

Jailers must lead a painful existence if we may judge by the number of felons they have on their hands.

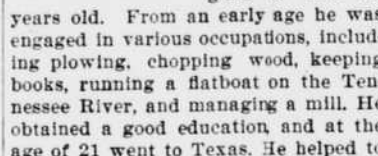
Pride makes one man ridiculous and prevents another from appearing so.

HELD OFFICE SIXTY-FOUR YEARS

Judge Reagan, of Texas, Has Finally Retired to Private Life.

After holding office continuously for sixty-four years, Judge John H. Reagan, of Texas, has finally retired to private life. It is doubtful if any living man, even among petty office-holders, can equal this record. His career has been more or less turbulent.

Born in Sevier County, Tennessee, in 1818, John Henniger Reagan is now 84 years old. From an early age he was engaged in various occupations, including plowing, chopping wood, keeping books, running a flatboat on the Tennessee River, and managing a mill. He obtained a good education and at the age of 21 went to Texas. He helped to expel the Cherokees, and for several years, beginning in 1839, did surveying for the republic of Texas in the Indian country, this being his first official position. It was dangerous service, for not a single surveying party prior to his time had escaped massacre. His mind naturally tended toward the law, and this he studied so thoroughly that within a few years he was licensed to practice. In 1846 he was made a colonel of militia and a probate judge. In 1847 went to the Legislature, and a few years later became a district judge. In the enforcement of the laws he was brought into personal collision with gamblers and desperadoes who then ruled the frontier, but his physical courage and moral force soon won him a triumph for law and order. In 1856 he was elected to Congress and remained there until Texas left the Union, when he became postmaster general in the Confederate government. He was captured with Jefferson Davis at the close of the war and was confined in Fort Warren many months. President Johnson and Secretary Seward consulted him with reference to reconstruction. In 1874 he was returned to Congress, having meanwhile filled important offices, and in 1887 went to the United States Senate. Since 1893 he has been railroad commissioner of Texas.



JUDGE REAGAN.

A UNIQUE MONUMENT.

Toys Carved on the Tomb of a Little New Jersey Boy.

One of the most peculiar monuments existing in an American cemetery is one in the old burying ground at Hackensack, N. J., where the Dutch founded their village sleep. Instead of the urn, or cross, or angel, or broken pillar, which generally surmounts tombs, there is instead the carved figure of a horse standing between the handles of a little wheelbarrow. In the wheelbarrow are the playthings of a little boy and beneath these stone toys are



THE MONUMENT.

carved the words, "Bertie's Jim Horse."

Although the little boy who once played with his pony and wheelbarrow died nearly a quarter of a century ago, the elements have made little impression upon his playthings. The saddle cloth, the tasseled bits and the embroidered straps of the "Jim horse," the tiny stone spokes of the wheels supporting the pony, are all still preserved. The blocks packed carefully in the wheelbarrow still show distinctly their Roman numerals.

In the central slab of the tomb the sculptor records that the child was named Albert Romeyn Harris, who died a few months before his fifth birthday. He was the son of a Wall street broker.

A Cross Parent.

"Mother," said a little girl, looking up from her book, "what does 'transatlantic' mean?"

"Oh, across the Atlantic, of course. Don't bother me."

"Does 'trans' always mean across?"

"I suppose it does. If you don't stop bothering me with your questions, you'll go to bed."

"Then does 'transparent' mean a cross parent?"

Ten minutes later that little girl was resting on her tiny couch.

Gave Good Advice.

A distinguished Paris physician was attracted by the hollow cough of an old rag-picker whom he found playing his trade on a damp November day in a suburb of the gay capital. "Ah! my poor friend," he said, "that is a bad cough, a very bad cough. You should pass the winter in the south of France and, to avoid the dust and fatigue of a railway journey, I advise you to travel in your own carriage."

Statistics show that the longest lived people have generally been those who made breakfast the principal meal of the day.

You may refuse to believe a compliment, but it was a good deal like a snowball; it left a spot on you.

THE PINKHAM CURES

ATTRACTING GREAT ATTENTION AMONG THINKING WOMEN.



Mrs. Frances Stafford, of 243 E. 114th St., N.Y. City, adds her testimony to the hundreds of thousands on Mrs. Pinkham's files.

When Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies were first introduced skeptics all over the country frowned upon their curative claims, but as year after year has rolled by and the little group of women who had been cured by the new discovery has since grown into a vast army of hundreds of thousands, doubts and skepticism have been swept away by a mighty flood, until to-day the great good that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and her other medicines are doing among the women of America is attracting the attention of many of our leading scientists, physicians and thinking people.

Merit alone could win such fame; wise, therefore, is the woman who for 2 cure relies upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bobby's Comment.

Little Bobby was inspecting the new baby for the first time, and his dictum was as follows:
"I s'pose it's nice enough, what there is of it, but I'm sorry it ain't a parrot."

The Popular Profession.

The reason why giving advice is so much more popular than taking it, is that it doesn't require one to be so many different kinds of people.—Washington Times.

Fined for Dancing.

At Luechow, Germany, 125 fathers have been fined one mark each for allowing their children, under 10 years of age, to dance at the harvest festival of a village nearby. The village pastor objected to the dancing and reported the case to the police. It was discovered, however, that his children had danced, too, and he was fined with the rest.—Tit-Bits.

Stood Much Wear.

Mr. Jones—My dear, do you know that you have one of the best voices in the world?

Mrs. Jones—Indeed! Do you really think so?

Mr. Jones—I certainly do, otherwise it would have been worn out long ago.—New York Times.

Had Touched the Limit.

Short—I figured up the other day that I owed my friends nearly \$3,000.

Long—What are you going to do about it?

Short—That's what puzzles me. I can't think of anyone else who will lend me money.—Chicago News.

Helpful Husband.

Cicero Moke—I came to tele yo', ma'am, dat Lucy Brown, what drne eabe yo' yesterday, ain't gwine lib on no mo', kase she married ne today.

Mrs. Han-keep—Indeed! Well? Cicero Moke—Well, I t'ought mebbe yo' might let her do yo' washin'. I'm a dramin' up trade fer her dis mo'n-in'.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure, be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

He Feels It.

"Does a draft give you cold chills down your back?" asked the philosopher.

"It does," replied the wise guy, "when my bank account is overdrawn."

Permanently cured. No fee or outlay except first day's dose of Nine's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Davis, Ltd., 40 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Study of a Rich Man.

"I wonder how a rich man feels?"
"Well, I'll tell you. He feels dis- away. Now dat he got it he can't keep it; en ef he do keep it somebody else will sho' git it!"

A Mistake.

"Mrs. Plumm holds her own well, doesn't she?"
"But it isn't." That's her sister's child.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

Doting Dotage.

Miss De Spite—I just doted on George I understand he threw you over?
Miss De Sweet—Yes; in dotage one is liable to do almost anything.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.
GENUINE MUST-BEAR SIGNATURE.
Purely Vegetable.
Price 15 Cents.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

A Little Closer.

"You married a rich wife, didn't you?" asked Jones of his friend.
"Yes," he sighed, "but she hasn't declared any dividend yet."

Coughs

"My wife had a deep-seated cough for three years. I purchased two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, large size, and it cured her completely."
J. H. Burge, Macon, Col.

Probably you know of cough medicines that relieve little coughs, all coughs, except deep ones!

The medicine that has been curing the worst of deep coughs for sixty years is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Three sizes: 25c. enough for an ordinary case; 50c. just right for bronchitis, hoarseness, hard colds, etc.; \$1.00 most economical for chronic cases and to keep hand.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

One Example.

"In union there is strength," said the first passenger.

"Yes, indeed," said the other. "I have been trying for a year to break a marriage tie. I've tried Dakota and Oklahoma both, and we are still united."—New York Times.



AMERICAN CREAM SEPARATORS

Are sold subject to approval and at a price that will enable you to make a good profit on a few cows. The cleanest, fastest machine in all the world.

Strongest in ALL these points than any other, viz:

Close Skimming. Easy Cleaning. Light Running. Durability.

Write for free catalogue.

MITCHELL, LEWIS & STAYER CO. PORTLAND, Ore. SPOKANE, Wash. BOISE, Idaho. Won Medal, Paris, 1900.

\$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES \$3.50

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's Good Year (Hand-Sewed Process) shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

\$25,000 REWARD will be paid to anyone who can disprove this statement.

Because W. L. Douglas is the largest manufacturer he can buy cheaper and produce his shoes at a lower cost than other concerns, which enables him to sell shoes for \$3.50 and \$3.00 equal in every way to those sold elsewhere for \$4 and \$5.00.

The Douglas secret process of a rubber bottom which produces absolutely pure leather; more flexible and will wear longer than any other make in the world. The sales have more than doubled the past four years, which proves its superiority. Why not give W. L. Douglas shoes a trial and save money.

Notice Increase (per Sale): \$2,303,883.91 in Business; 1902 Sales: \$2,012,340.00. A gain of \$2,870,456.79 in Four Years.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$4.00 GILT EDGE LINE, Worth \$5.00 Compared with Other Makes. The best imported and American leathers, Hay's Patent Gait, Enamel, Box Gait, Gait, Vici Kid, Corbett Gait, and National Knappe, Fast Color Eyelets.

Caution: The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom. Show by mail, the price. Catalog free.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

LET'S INCORPORATE.

The close attention of SENTINEL readers is called to the Charter Bill published in this issue. In our opinion this is as good a measure as could have been passed in the interest of all Alaskan towns that desire to incorporate and become municipalities, as it grants all the powers for law-making that could be asked, many of which have been heretofore abridged. And not only is the instrument a worthy one in that respect, but the greatest barrier and most objectionable point heretofore existing to incorporating has been removed. We refer to the matter of dividing the licenses with the federal government. Under the new law every incorporated town is allowed to retain all the license money for school purposes and internal expenses and improvements; and besides this all fines for violation of city ordinances are covered into the treasury of the municipality. This means that a town the size of Wrangell can now afford to incorporate and it would be largely to her interest to do so. Roughly figured there is in the neighborhood of \$4,000 in licenses collected in Wrangell; to this may safely be added from \$500 to \$1,000 in fines, and it appears to us that upon that our schools could be maintained nicely, other expenses could be met and there would be a surplus, with judicious management. Some might argue that to incorporate means immediate taxation and hardship. While the new law confers upon councils the power to levy a maximum tax of two per centum per annum, it does not follow that it shall be done, and SENTINEL is of the opinion that it would never be found necessary. Therefore, all things considered, we believe that Wrangell should proceed to incorporate, and the sooner the better.

The editor of the Mining Journal proposes that all Alaska shall become a territory, or none at all. Well, Gov., the procession has started for SOUTHEASTERN Alaska, and if you don't want to join it or get on the band-wagon, just step to one side. Simply because Oregon embraced all of the territory west of the Rocky mountains when she was admitted, does not argue that we must run our lines to the north pole. Alaska is large enough to make three states; that portion terminating at Mt. St. Elias on the west is of sufficient size and the present population is enough to justify its claims for one of these, now, and that's what we're all going for—"Greek" or no "Greek."

On the first of July, it is understood, all deputy U. S. Marshals in this district will be placed on salaries. This is as it should be and should extend to all officials. The fact is there has never been a more vicious or unsatisfactory system in vogue than the official system, and especially so with officials who desire to conduct their offices honestly and with justice to all. There are few states in the Union where the fee system is practiced, and it should be abolished in Alaska. Pay competent men stated salaries and they will be better satisfied.

Some may accuse the SENTINEL of "hopping" suddenly on the question of incorporation. Not a bit of it. Conditions have changed. Under the old law we would have opposed incorporation to the bitter end, because it would have worked a hardship on the people, while under the new law it would be better financially, besides satisfying our personal pride without embarrassment.

If the Right Honorable Sheldon Jackson had paid a trifle more attention to the educational interests of Alaska and less to sheep, goats and reindeer, Wrangell would now have what she is justly entitled to, a good school house. And in this connection we might ask: "Which is the brighter monument, a well educated boy or girl or a reindeer?" Let public opinion answer.

City Charter

FOR

ALASKAN TOWNS.

ALL LICENSE MONEY RETAINED.

Good Enough for Wrangell.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That section 54 of chapter 5 of title 2 of an act entitled "An Act making further provision for a civil government for Alaska, and for other purposes," approved June 6, 1900, be and is hereby amended to read as follows:

"Sec. 54. All forms of pleading heretofore existing in actions at law and suits in equity are abolished, and hereafter the forms of pleading in causes in law and equity in courts of record and the rules by which the sufficiency of such pleadings is to be determined shall be those prescribed by this code."

Sec. 2. That section 466 of chapter 45 of title 2 be amended so as to read as follows:

"Sec. 466. In an action for the dissolution of the marriage contract the plaintiff therein must be an inhabitant of the district at the commencement of the action and for two years prior thereto, which residence shall be sufficient to give the court jurisdiction without regard to the place where the marriage was solemnized or the cause of action arose."

Sec. 3. That section 201 of chapter 21 of title 3 be amended so as to read as follows:

"Sec. 201. The council shall have the following powers:

"First. To provide suitable rules governing their own body and to elect one of their members president, who shall be ex officio mayor.

"Second. To appoint, and at their pleasure remove, a clerk, treasurer, assessor, municipal attorney, police, and such other officers as they deem necessary.

"Third. To make rules for all municipal elections, for the appointment of election officials, and to provide for their duties and powers, and to provide suitable penalties for violation of such election rules; Provided, That no officer shall be elected or appointed for a longer term than one year.

"Fourth. By ordinance to provide for necessary street improvements, sidewalks, crosswalks and sewerage. The cost of all or any part of such improvements may be collected by assessment and levy against abutting property assessed; Provided, That a majority of such property holders consent, by petition, or otherwise, to such improvements.

"Fifth. By ordinance declare what shall be a misdemeanor and to provide for fire protection, water supply, lights, wharfage, maintenance of public schools, protection of public health, police protection and the expense of assessment and collection of taxes.

"Sixth. By ordinance to provide for the assessment and collection of a poll tax, not to exceed two dollars each, on all male residents between the ages of twenty-one and fifty years, and to impose a fine and penalty for refusal, neglect or failure to pay such tax; Provided, That all members in good standing of any regular organized volunteer fire company may be exempt.

"Seventh. By ordinance to provide for taxing of dogs, not exceeding two dollars a year on each dog, and to provide for impounding and destroying all dogs upon which such tax is not paid.

"Eighth. By ordinance to provide for the assessment and levy of a general tax for municipal purposes on real property, possessory rights, and improvements, and to impose a penalty for its nonpayment; and all such taxes shall be a preferred lien upon the property so taxed, which lien may be foreclosed and the property sold as provided by Chapter 42, Civil Code of Procedure; Provided, That all property belonging to the municipality and all property used exclusively for religious, educational, or charitable purposes, shall be exempt from taxation.

"Ninth. By ordinance to provide for the assessment and levy of a tax for municipal purposes on personal property and a penalty for its nonpayment, and to provide for the distraint and sale of sufficient goods and chattels belonging to the person charged with such tax to satisfy the same; Provided, That there shall be exempt from such assessment to each household or head of a family household goods, of which such person is the bona fide owner, not exceeding two hundred dollars in value.

"Tenth. By ordinance to impose such license tax on business conducted within the corporate limits as the council shall deem reasonable, and to provide for its collection by fine and penalty, as for vi-

olation of other ordinances; Provided, That the general exemptions provided for in chapter 31, Civil Code of Procedure for the district of Alaska, shall not apply to any tax lawfully levied against any property as provided for in this chapter; Provided, further, That no property tax herein provided for shall exceed two per centum on the assessed valuation of the property; and all assessments made by the corporation assessor shall be uniform and shall be subject to review by the council, and appeals may be taken from their decision to the district court. No bonded indebtedness whatever shall be authorized for any purpose.

"Eleventh. By ordinance to provide reasonable punishment for the violation of municipal ordinances by a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars or imprisonment in the municipal jail for a term not exceeding ninety days, or both, for each violation.

"Twelfth. To provide for the election of a municipal magistrate who shall have power to hear and determine causes arising under the ordinances of such corporation and to punish violations of such ordinances; Provided, That all sentences of imprisonment imposed by said municipal magistrate shall be served in the municipal jail without expense to the government of the United States. All appeals to the district court from the judgments of such municipal magistrate shall be governed by the laws relating to appeals from the judgments of commissioners acting as justices of the peace.

Such municipal magistrate shall receive a salary to be fixed by the council, and no fees or other compensation whatever; and all judgments imposed by said magistrate and collected shall be turned over to the treasurer of the corporation and applied to the use and benefit of the municipality as the council may direct."

Sec. 4. That section 203 of chapter 21 of title 3, as amended by the Act approved March 3, 1901, be amended so as to read as follows:

Sec. 203. The treasurer of the corporation shall be ex officio treasurer of the school board, and shall before entering upon the duties of his office, take the oath prescribed by law, and execute bond to the corporation in an amount to be determined by the judge of the district court, which bond shall be approved by the council and the judge of the district court and filed in the office of the clerk of the corporation, and he shall give such additional bond as the council or judge of the district court may from time to time direct, but in no event shall such bond be less than twice the amount of money in the hands of the treasurer at any one time, to be determined by the tax rolls and license books of the corporation, and of the clerk of the district court; Provided, That all license moneys provided by the Act of Congress approved March 3, 1899, entitled "An act to define and punish crimes in the district of Alaska and to provide a code of criminal procedure for said district," and any amendments made thereto, required to be paid by any resident, person or corporation for business carried on within the limits of any incorporated town, and collected by the clerk of the district court, shall be paid over by said clerk to the treasurer of the corporation, to be used for municipal and school purposes in such proportions as the court may order, but not more than fifty per centum nor less than twenty-five per centum thereof shall be used for school purposes, the remainder thereof to be paid to the treasurer of the corporation for the support of the municipality, and the clerk of said court shall take said treasurer's receipt therefor, in triplicate, one of which receipts shall be forwarded to the Secretary of the Treasury, another to the Attorney General, and the other shall be retained by the clerk; Provided, That fifty per centum of all license moneys provided for by said Act of Congress approved March 3, 1899, and any amendments made thereto, that may hereafter be paid for business carried on outside incorporated towns in the district of Alaska, shall be covered into the Treasury of the United States and set aside to be expended, so far as may be deemed necessary by the Secretary of the Interior, within his discretion and under his direction, for school purposes outside incorporated towns in said district of Alaska.

Approved March 2, 1903.

THE STICKEEN PHARMACY,

Wrangell, Alaska.

Dr. K. A. KYVIG,

—Dealer In—

Pure Drugs and Chemicals,

Stationery and Toilet Articles.

Prescriptions Accurately Compounded at All Hours.

Patenaude's

Barber Shop and Bath Rooms.

ALSO, A COMPLETE LINE OF

SMOKERS' ARTICLES,
Tobacco, Cigars, Pipes and Barbers' Supplies.

FRONT STREET,

WRANGELL, ALASKA.

L. C. Patnaude, Prop'r.

The SENTINEL mildly suggests that Wrangell citizens prevail on the editor of the Ketchikan Journal to come up and give them a few pointers on economy in municipal affairs. He says: "Here the cost of maintaining a municipal government does not exceed \$500 a year, if indeed so much as that." Here at Wrangell we take a great pride in our schools, and to maintain these, alone, costs a little upwards of \$1500 per year. If Ketchikan schools are paid out of municipal funds (and they should be) will our friend of the Journal inform us just how they do it at a cost of less than \$500 per year? You can't crowd seven into six and have anything left.

Heretofore with the coming in of April began the King Salmon fishing at the mouth of the Stickeen, and those able to judge place the number caught at one in ten; but that furnished a lucrative occupation for many. But this has been shut off; the fishing gear and men can lie idle, salteries and canneries remain inactive, business men wait in vain for trade, while the salmon butt their brains out on the rocks of the tributaries of the great river. Another excellent reason why Southeastern Alaska should have some say in governing her affairs.

Should Apply to Wrangell.

Now that the fishing season is opening, we publish the following which should by all means extend to Wrangell:

Attorney W. L. Woodward of LaCrosse Wis., father of the Anti-Marriage law, is being besieged by inquiries from all over the country in reference to his latest legislative attempt—"a bill, to prevent the telling of fish stories."

In justification he gives this explanation: "During the past year I have fished and hunted with Col. Charles K. Lush. This fact alone is sufficient reason for my bill. Mr. Lush is an excellent story teller, particularly along the lines of fish and canvasback, but his stories would be endurable were they confined to himself and did not drag in other poor, unsuspecting victims."

In the Colonel's stories there is always another character, and like many other authors he carries this character through several editions. I have taken some time to investigate the thing, but up to the present I have not been able to locate the hero of these stories, who is one 'Sim' Caro.

"Now, I should like to meet 'Sim,' if there is such a person, for I feel very much as the poet who said, 'How large is Alexander, Pa, that people call him great?'"

"It was, in fact, while on a recent fishing trip with Colonel Lush, and while listening to one of his stories, that the necessity for an anti-fish lying law dawned upon me."

"I am something of a story teller, but I confess that I could never get in the same class with Lush, and while he was dilating upon the phenomenal success of himself and the wonderful 'Sim' the thought struck me forcibly as to the reason for the migration of my friend Lush from Milwaukee."

"It appears from Lush's statements that he and Sim went fishing one day and that since that time there have been no fish caught in eastern Wisconsin waters. Hence his hieira to western Wisconsin."

"This set me to thinking, and when Lush followed up with the statement that some day somebody will catch a fish in Milwaukee with three hooks, a bob-sinker, line, reel and half a pole in him, all of which Lush lost on his last trip with Sim, I concluded that self-preservation was the first law of fish, lars and proceeded to draft my bill."

"If this is not reason sufficient for prompt legislation to secure the peace of mind and moral relief of the people of Wisconsin, I am mistaken. I shall push that bill for all I am worth."

Mr. Woodward's bill provides that ev-

ery fisher man must, under penalty of fine, register the weight of every fish taken exceeding one pound in weight. It provides for the appointment of a state officer, with county deputies, with whom register shall be made, and whose duty it shall be to see that the law is enforced.

SENTINEL does not wish to be personal, but in kindly warns Messrs. Reid, Patenaude, Grant, Weber, Norton and a few others at this place, and also clerk Hills of Juneau and Rodman of Ketchikan.

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